

him of different groups. Artists to whom I have shown them have been astonished by the spirited impressionism of these sketches. For his " purpose" Henry seems to have been able to do anything, even to drawing, and composing music ! Sir Arthur Sullivan's music at first did not quite please him. He walked up and down the stage humming, and showing the composer what he was going to do at certain situations. Sullivan, with wonderful quickness and open-mindedness, caught his meaning at once.

" Much better than mine, Irving—much better—I'll rough it out at once ! "

When the orchestra played the new version, based on that humming of Henry's, it was exactly what he wanted !

Knowing what a task I had before me, I began to get anxious and worried about " Lady Mac." Henry wrote me such a nice letter about this :

** To-night, if possible, the last act. I want to get these great multitudinous scenes over and then we can attack our scenes. . . . Your sensitiveness is so acute that you must suffer sometimes. You are not like anybody else—you see things -with such lightning quickness and unerring instinct that dull fools like myself grow irritable and impatient sometimes. I feel confused when I'm thinking of one thing, and disturbed by another. That's all. But I do feel very sorry afterwards when I don't seem to heed what I so much value....

*' I think things are going well, considering the time we've been at it, but I see so much that is wanting that it seems almost impossible Ibo get through properly. ° To-night commence, Matthias.' If you sleep, you are lost!' "

At this time we were able to be of the right
use to each
other. Henry could never have worked with a
very strong
woman. I might have deteriorated, in
partnership with a

¹ A quotation from "The Bells."¹